Who Burned Columbia?

Hampton

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WHO BURNED COLUMBIA?

By Gen, Wade Hampton.

On the night of the 16th of February, 1865, I received a dispatch from Jefferson Davis, announcing my promotion to the position of Lieutenant-General, and directing me to assume command of all the Confederate cavalry in South Carolina. Gen. Beauregard was the Commander-in-Chief. My command consisted of Wheeler's corps of cavalry and a division of cavalry under Gen. M. C. Butler, amounting in all to a little more than 4000 men, when Sherman advanced on the city with 75,000 men. The only attempt to check the advance of the Federal troops was made at Congeree Creek by Gen. Butler, who had under his command a few of his own and Wheeler's men and a small Kentucky brigade under Breckenridge, the whole number not exceeding 600 men. This affair occurred on the 15th, after which the advance of Sherman was undisputed.

The Federal army arrived in front of Columbia on the 16th, and without any warning began to shell the town in every direction. Hunt's hotel, where Gen. Beauregard had his head quarters, was struck by a shell; two or three shells struck the workshops, one passed through the old Courthouse, and three struck the new state-house. Some of the shells were thrown as far as the Charlotte road, which is two miles from the river, and some passed near the asylum, which is the northeastern boundary of the city. The shelling took place early on the morning of the 16th, and during that night the Federal troops commenced the passage of the river. On the morning of the 17th, I directed the officers, under my command to withdraw their men from Columbia and its vicinity, as the city was to be surrendered and no offensive acts were to be committed, The Confederate troops I ordered to be moved to Winnsboro.

When Gen. Beauregard was advised of what had been done he left the city and also went off towards Winnsboro, feeling quite unwell at the time. I then instructed the Mayor of Columbia, Dr. T. I. Goodwin, to send out a flag of truce to meet the advanced guard of Sherman's army to announce that the city was evacuated and that he (the Mayor) had come out to surrender it. This was about eight o'clock on the morning of the 17th. I gave the Mayor directions how to proceed, where to go, and what he was to do. I then called his attention to the cotton that was lying along Richardson St., and recommended that he should put a guard over it, telling him there was danger it might take fire, and that if it did so, it would endanger the city. This cotton had been removed from the warehouses where it had been stored, in order to transport it to the open fields adjoining the city, where it might be burned, but finding there was not sufficient means for transportation, it was left on Richardson St. The Mayor, with a flag of truce, met the leading column of the Federal army, composed of Stone's brigade, and surrendered the city. I had moved out by the Asylum road with one of Butler's brigades, and stationed myself at the upper boundary street, facing towards Richardson St,, from

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which position, I commanded a view of the whole town and vicinity. I saw the Mayor come back with the flag, and surrounded by columns of troops.

The Federal troops entered Columbia about 10 A. M. on the 17th of February, an hour or two after the conversation with the Mayor about the cotton. There were no Confederate troops in Columbia when the Federal army entered. I was the last officer in town, and I left just prior to the entry of the Federal army. *I assert positively that up to that time, there were no fires in progress in Columbia.* On the 14th of February, Gen. Beauregard issued an order to Major Allen J. Green, post-commander, to have the cotton moved out of the ware houses to a place where it could be burned without endangering the town. Not having the transportation at his disposal, Major Green had placed it in the street. On the night of the 16th, when I was assigned to duty at Columbia, I called Gen. Beauregard's attention to the position of the cotton, telling him if it were *burned it would endanger the town and urged him to order that the cotton should not be burned. This he did.* The order not to fire the cotton was faithfully carried out by the Confederates. I know this from my own personal observations, and from official investigation. In support of this I produce the affidavits of Confederate officers who were directly connected with and cognizant of the whole affair, Captain Rawlings Lowndes, who was my assistant adjutant-general, made a statement to Chancellor Carroll, who was Chairman of the Committee appointed to investigate the facts connected with the burning of Columbia, in which he says that, after I assumed command of the cavalry, on the morning of the 17th of February, I told him that Gen Beauregard had determined not to fire the cotton, and that I directed him to issue an order that no cotton should be fired. "This I did at once," says Lowndes, "and when I left Columbia, which I did after the entrance of the Federal troops, not one bale of cotton had been burned, nor had any been fired by our troops at the time I was acting as assistant adjutant genera for Gen. Hampton."

Gen. M. C. Butler, who was a division commander under me, swears that he withdrew from Columbia about 10 A. M. on the 17th of February, just as the advance of the Federal army had reached the suburbs of the town; that no cotton was burning when he left, as far as he could observe, and none would have been fired without his order; that he remained in the vicinity of the city for ten hours after it had been occupied by the Federal troops, and when he left he could see no evidence of cotton burning. He further says that "Lieut-Gen. Hampton, on the morning of the evacuation, had directed him that the cotton must not be fired, in as much as the Mayor had gone out to meet Gen. Sherman to surrender the city aud ask his protection." Gen. Butler further states that the Confederates retired from the city quietly, without firing or doing anything which would provoke and justify violence on the part of the troops coming in.

From the affidavits of the Mayor of the city and other citizens, and from my own observation, I am quite certain that the cotton was not fired by the Confederate troops, but that it caught fire from the smoking of the Federal soldiers who stacked their arms when they came in and sat down on the cotton. There had been no fires in Columbia within forty-eight hours prior to the entrance of the Federal troops, except that at the Charleston depot, which accidently caught fire early on the morning of the 17th. In confirmation of my statement that the Charleston depot was accidentally burned, I quote the following correspondence between Gen. Beauregard and myself on the subject:

Wild Woods, Miss., Apr. 22, '66.

GENERAL:—Gen. Sherman, having charged me in his official report with the destruction of Columbia, and having reiterated the same falsehood in a letter to Benjamin Rawlings of that city, may I beg you to state such facts in reference to this matter

as are in your possession. You were in command of the Confederate troops when Sherman entered the city; you left just before he occupied it, and you gave orders not only as to the movements of the troops, but as to the disposition of all the public property, as well as of the cotton which was in the city. You were therefore fully cognizant of all facts relating to the burning of the city and you can state with entire certainty who was answerable for this atrocious crime. I am very respectfully yours,

WADE HAMPTON.

To Gen. G. T. Beauregard."

On the above letter Gen. Beauregard wrote the following endorsement:

"New Orleans, May 2, '66.

The above statement of Gen. Wade Hampton relative to the orders issued by me at Columbia, S. C., not to burn cotton in that city, is perfectly true and correct. The only thing on fire at the time of the evacuation was the depot building of the South Carolina Railroad, which caught fire accidentally from the explosion of some ammunition ordered to be sent towards Charlotte.

G. T. BEAUREGARD "

The city of Columbia was perfectly quiet and orderly prior to the entry of Sherman's army; there was no burning or marauding in the streets; the negroes were quietly working on fortifications, and there was no disorderly element to disturb the quiet and peace of the city.

I had no idea that Gen Sherman, or anyone else would have denied that the Federal troops had burnt the city, until I saw Sherman's report in which he states that the cotton that I had ordered to be piled in the street and which had been set on fire by my orders set fire to the town. The citizens of Columbia were very indignant at this charge of Gen. Sherman, and they called a public meeting and appointed a very large committee, of which Chancellor Garroll was made chairman, to collect testimony as to facts. They did collect facts from Mayor Goodwin and other leading citizens. Among others who testified in regard to this matter, was a negro named Wm. Beverly Mash, who was afterwards a senator from Richmond county S. C., and a delegate to the Philadelphia Convention which nominated Gen. Grant. He made an affidavit that the Federal troops did fire the city of Columbia, and that "Gen. Hampton had nothing to do with it." In the published correspondence of Gen. Sherman there is a letter from Gen. Hallack in which he expresses a wish that if Sherman took Charleston by some accident the city should be destroyed, and that if Sherman would sow it with salt, it might prevent the growth of future crops of nullification and secession, to which Gen. Sherman replied that he had noticed what Gen. Hallack had said about Charleston, and, that when he entered that city the Fifteenth Corps would be on the right wing and so enter the city first; and, if Gen. Hallack had observed the course of that corps during the war, he must have observed that it generally did its work pretty well, and he did not think an assault would be necessary, that he thought Columbia was as bad as Charleston, and he doubted if he would spare the public buildings there.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, in his work, "Ohio in the War," thus alludes to the burning of Columbia: "At nightfall there suddenly came cries of alarm from different quarters. The city was on fire in as many places, and before morning Columbia was in ruins; thousands of helpless women and children were suddenly made homeless in an hour, in the night, in the winter. It was the most monstrous barbarity of that barbarous march. There is no reason to think that Gen. Sherman knew anything of the purpose to burn the city, which had been freely talked about among the soldiers through the afternoon, but there is reason to think that he knew well enough who did it, that he never rebuked it and made no effort to punish it. Instead, he sought indeed, to show that the enemy himself had burned his own city, 'not with malicious intent, but from folly and want of sense.' Yet, in the same paragraph, he admits everything, except the original starting of the fire. Officers and men not on duty, including the officers who had long been imprisoned there, may

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have assisted in spreading the fire, and may have indulged in unconcealed joy at seeing the ruins of the capital of South Carolina."

In a conversation which I had with *Gen. Howard*, he *said that his (Howard's) troops burned the city*. This conversation took place in the Executive Office of the Hon. Jas. L. Orr, at that time Governor of South Carolina. Gen. Howard introduced the subject of the burning of Columbia, and expressed great regret that it had been done; he said that he did all he could to prevent it, and that no one was certainly authorized to say that our troops (the Federal) did not set fire to it, for I saw them do it myself." At this interview with Gen. Howard there were present Gen. John S. Preston, Gen. Scott, who was afterwards the Carpet Bag Governor of South Carolina, and Mr. De Fontaine a newspaper correspondent. Gov. Orr, afterwards wrote to me in relation to the interview, "I do not remember all that was said, but Gen. Howard said in substance that Columbia was burned by United States troops; that he saw them fire many houses, that he tried to arrest the conflagration, and that he regretted the destruction of the city." Gen. Preston wrote on this subject in a letter of Jan. 2, 1873, "Gen. Howard said and reiterated it, that no one was authorized to say that the Federal troops did not burn Columbia, that he saw them doing so in numerous instances and in various localities in the city."

Dr Goodwin, the Mayor of Columbia at the time of its occupation by the Federal troops, in his affidavit, testified that with a number of leading citizens he called upon Gen. Sherman two days after the evacuation, and, in course of conversation in reference to the burning of Columbia, he (Gen. Sherman,) said he thought his troops had burned the city, but excused them because, as he alleged, the citizens had given them liquor and made them drunk, whereas they should have destroyed all the liquor in the town before the entry of the army. He did not make any assertion that the firing of the city was caused by Gen. Hampton's order to burn the city. Dr. Goodwin further stated that Gens. Howard, Blair, aad other Federal officers were present at this interview between himself and Gen. Sherman.

In conclusion, I have only to say that the practice of Gen. Sherman, in his march through South Carolina, was to destroy both public and private property: from Columbia to the extreme limits of the state, he in part or entirely destroyed every town and village he passed; Barnwell, Blackwell, Cheraw, Allston, Camden, were either wholly or partially destroyed.

YOUNG AMERICA.

This is the children's age, and all things are subservient to their wishes. Masses of juvenile literature are published annually for their amusement; conversation is reduced steadily to their level while they are present; meals are arranged to suit their hours, and the dishes thereof to suit their palates; studies are made simpler and toys more elaborate with each succeeding year. The hardships they once suffered are now happily ended, rapidly the decorum once exacted is fading away. We accept the situation with philosophy, and only now and then, under the pressure of some new development, are startled into asking ourselves where it is likely to end. Every year we see the counters of book-shops laden with piles of new children's books made attractive with all the accessories of pretty bindings and elaborate illustrations, and a text of more or less harmless vacuity. A large part of the juvenile literature of the day consists in describing to children in profuse detail the doings and sayings of children no wiser nor better than themselves, thus perpetually presenting to a child's mind the image of its own immaturity and a repetition of its own fooiish words and still more foolish actions. There is no effort to stretch its imagination or stimulate its curiosity or to lift it quite out of its own little corner of the burdock patch, even beyond the edge of the parson's garden, which the little duck thought was the end of the World. Had the bright young Marjorie Fleming been starved on 'Dotty Dimple' and 'Little Prudy' books, we might have missed the quaintest bit of autobiography in the English language. . . . . We know that in the window-seat of Cowley's mother's room lay a copy of the 'Faerie Queen,' which to her little son was a source of unfailing delight, and Pope has recorded the ecstasy with which as a lad he pored over this wonderful poem; but then neither Cowley nor Pope had the advantages of following Oliver Optic through the slums of New York or living with some adventurous boy-hunters in the jungles of Central Africa.

TWO VIEWS OF AN AFTERNOON TEA.

By Amy D'Arcy Wetmore.

Life would be so easy if everything one wished to know the meaning of, was in the dictionary, but unfortunately, neither Webster nor Worcester can throw any light upon a subject so modern as an "Afternoon Tea." But as "Teas" are usually given to introduce some fair debutante into the "giddy world," her opinion is at least worth asking. She will tell you, that a "tea," when she is asked to *receive* at it, is "simply lovely"—it is a chance to wear such a pretty gown. A regular party-dress is admissible, if the "tea" is a large one, and she need not confine heself to the tiresome black net and lace dresses, that were so run in the ground a few years ago. She will add, that when men are asked, and *when they come*, a "Tea" is nearly as *enjoyable* as a German, and far more independent. That even "girls' teas" are *great fun*, and much less formidable than a dinner or a lunch though of course not conferring such a compliment as the former invitations, and, at all events, it is one of the many pleasures of a first winter.

But, as truth they say lies between two extremes, a married man's views, as a sharp contrast to a debutante's will do now. "An Afternoon Tea," he will sssure you is an "abomination of desolation," if he knows enough of the Bible to be so descriptive. It is a crowd, and a stuggle form the time he arrives on the front door-steps with his wife,—eager for the fray,—until he is once more in the home from which he has been so cruelly lured. As soon as he enters the front door, he has to run the guantlet of dress-coated servants and this is only the beginning of his troubles; the dressing-room, which implies a most crowded stairway to reach, is a perfect pandemonium of noise and confusion. He looks at his wife in awe and wonder, to see how she enjoys being pushed and shaking hands with, as she ascends the crowded stairs, Amiability is detected on her countenance. He wishes that she would look so, when he takes an extra night off at the Club.

He does not realize that her pretty gown and new bonnet are great helps to contend pleasantly with the multitude. He is not fortified by any such out-side assistance. His anger and indignation wax strong in the dressing-room when he sees his unfortunate hat and coat moved and knocked about in the place he has carefully hidden them; when "Tom, Dick and Harry," boys he is sure wore knickerbockers a year ago, get in his way, and smoke recklessly in this much crowded apartment. He meets his wife on the landing; she is impatient to get down stairs, and seems to be gloating over the joys that are to come. She reproaches him for keeping her waiting, and whispers to him to try and look more pleasant. So, he assumes a more lamb-like expression. He is in for it now, for an hour or so at the least, and he hopes that a glass or two of tea punch will enable him to stand the wear and tear of the noise and heat.

The hostess, with her lovely young daughter, and five or six "buds" of the season, stand at the door of the drawing-room to make the entrance and introductions as easy as possible. He feels rather better, the girls are so lovely in their pretty gowns; holding on so bravely to their many flowers. He is quite revived and becomes at once complimentary, and old "married man-y," fancying he is being agreeable when he starts a conversation about some old "dead and past good times" he has had with their mamas; but his wife pushes him—other people are coming, he must not monopolize "Miss Debutante." He is hurt, but then a prophet never has honor among his own, and he is restored to good humor by seeing an "old sweetheart" in the corner, whom he has not laid eyes on for ten years. Is it possible that this large, matronly person could ever have been the sylph-like creature, as he remembers her early in the

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seventies? He deserts his wife now, who does not miss him, as she eagerly discusses kinder-gartens and cooks with Mrs. Grey.

The old sweet-heart (although she has gained at least fifty pounds,) has still some old time life and spirit left, and receives him figuratively (of course) with open arms. He cannot find a chair, but he is comparatively sheltered by a stand with palms, and fairy lamps, and he actually begins a rational conversation. She tells him with pride that her daughter is thirteen years old, and that she goes to dancing school with his son. He says gallantly that history repeats itself. How much more he would have said, he does not know, for his wife spies him out in his happy retreat, and, with her usual restlessness, wishes to go into the dining-room, and suggests that the old "sweet-heart" should accompany them, but she is wise in her generation and prefers her corner—for are there not others in the rank and file of the present, who still remember her in that character? The dining-room realizes all his worst fears, and accents his gloomiest views on the subject of "Teas" as an entertainment.

Two or three pretty girls smooth matters over by offering to wait on him, (though it makes him feel older and more married than when he conversed with his old "flame" in the corner). They recklessly bring him a cup of tea much spilled, and diluted with cream, and some almonds, but his wife, with a good deal of tact, relieves him of these articles, and substitutes instead her glass of cold punch, which makes him shiver and long for something at the club. He thinks that until now, much as he had always admired his wife, that he had never really gauged her conversational powers. She talks at least to three different people on widely apart subjects—all at the same time. She remembers everyone, and has a pleasant word for all. But he thinks the time has come to say "farewell to all this glory." The "old sweet-heart" no longer sits in the corner; his wife, however, say that it would be impossible to leave now, that it would appear rude to the hostess. This, surely, is something very *impolite*, "cut out of the whole cloth. It would only be kind to the givers of the feast to leave room and breathing space for others. A happy thought strikes him; he suggests gloomily, that only a quiet game of cards at the Club that night will restore his nerves to their normal condition. His wife says, perhaps, after all, they have had enough, and, an evening spent at home together, will be a nice change for all this excitement. So, exit married man.

And is it any wonder that men, old and young, married and single, should regard Afternoon Teas as delusions and snares? A wise philosopher has said "*feed a man, and he is won.*" Were oysters, salad and cognac substituted for cold punch, cakes and almonds, Afternoon Teas would be one of the most popular kinds of social entertainments with men, and women would also enjoy them more—for society should be composed of a happy blending of both sexes.

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THE SERVANT GIRL QUESTION.

From Another Point of View.

By M. Warren Hale.

"Naw, I ain't none o' yer Irish ignoiints wot can't rade or spill a wurrd currect. Indade I'm akel to ther bist o' ther land, bein' Amirikin born; an' we can't hilp where our fardthers and mudhers were barn before us. An' I know me rights as will as me wrongs, I'm not goin' ter be scthepped on an' warked over by inybody, if dhey own a house wid two rooms in it, or a brawn-stone palace, wid a couch an' foor. It's warkin' over us

dhey thry to do al der time; an' dhere's miny a gurrl wud stand it, yare in and yare out; but her name's not Mary Ann Cassidy, now, d'ye moind that? Dhough me name's Cassidy, I cud be as Frinch as ther Frinchist maid ye iver saw.

"An' ye've bin doin' virry bod ther last yare, Dalia? Shure I'm sorry to hare it, fer I've bin doin' jist iligant mesilf. Jist foine! Yer'd hardly belave it, I suppose not havin' cot on ter ther beyutiful toimes to be had be a plan o' moine. I may say I invinted it mesilf, dhough I'll lit ye into it, if ye'll not be givin' it away ter iviry Tom, Dick and Harry. Lishen, now, it's jist dhis:

"Thray or four gurrls an' mesilf adpertise togither, so it costs 'ach wan av us only a few cints. Ah! whist now, shure av course, ye've done that, but dhe sass uv ther puddin's ter come. Well, ther droves uv 'em we say comin' to answer ther adpertise, while we sit in foine sthoile ter recave them. They come warkin' common-loike, an' dhey rowl up in dheir kerridges, an' we say oll kinds uv sthyle from dher hoigh to der low. O it's a poor adpertise dhat we don't have fifty colls a day.

"Will, we take notice uv oll uv dhem, promisin', quite grashus, ter go ter aich uv dhem. But we'd be fools ter go wid dher family uv six, at sixtain dollars, whin we find we can go ter a family uv thray, at eightain. I nivir go where dhere's other gurrls its aginst me principuls. It interfares wid me—parquisits. So, as I was sayin', I ingage wid 'em all fer a wake. An' if it's eightain for thirty-wan days, shure ye can say yersilf it pays ter lave after a wake, wid four dollars an' a half. Dhen I go ter anudder, at der same rate.

Sometimes, indade quite often, dhey foind out dhat I wan't wurrk mesilf ter dith, fer der loikes uv dhem, an' dhey till me dhey don't want me. But I hev always me answer riddy, dhat I was goin' inyhow, an' I did'nt want dhem.

"Will, ye can see fer yersilf, dhat it pays pritty will; but I had many triles befoor I cot on ter ther foine schkame.

"Dhere was Mrs. Bryant dhat ingaged me fer a furrst-class cook an' laundress. She was virry mod whin I fried dher sthake, but I said dher shmoke from a brile nivir agrayed wid me lungs, and I'd do it fer nobody,—so I tuk up me bundle an' hat an' warked oot, wid dher brile on dher stove. Dhere was Mrs. Cook had had a nagur be foor me. Shure, wud I shtay in dher house where a black nagur'd shtayed. And Mrs. Smith said whin I tould her I didn't loike children dhat she didn't think she'd kill iny of dhem, avin ter secure me. Ah! yis, shure, she sid jist dhat, dhe impident thramp! An' Mrs. Jones, she wanted ter tache *me* how to make brid! An' I med it befoor she was borrn, an' if she didn't loike dhe koind I med, shure she nidn't ate it.

"Dhen I lift Mrs. Henry becos she sid dhe dishes wuz shticky. An' Mrs. Rogers wanted me to clane silver; sez I, "If yez dhirty it, yez can clane it!" Dhere was Mrs. Flynn kep a dorg. Wud I fade innybody's baste? Huh! not Mary Ann Cassidy. Mrs. Phillips I lift becos she'd allow no company, but wance a wake. An' Mrs. Blank didn't like it, whin Barney jist helped himsilf to a drop o' sumpin' from dhe booffay.

"Shure, these aint a whisper o' dhe troubles I've had! Dhe women were dhat uppish to ush leddies; we could hardly coll our souls our own. But now if I come fer a wake, dhey're that afraid I may go suddenlike, dhat butter wuddint miit in dher mouth. Dhey'll do harf dhe wurrk thimsilves, an' be so swate and perlite, ye'd think I wus dhe woman dhat kipt dhe house, an' dhey was de lady was warking. But I don' lit on. I jist do as I plaze, an' if I don' loike a dhing, I jist lit fly about it, an' dhey change it quick. If a dish is hard ter clane, I jist drop it. If dhe foire don' burn aisy, I lit it go out. Shure, dhey can't make ye wark more dhan dhe day, an' if dhe washin' ain't dhry, shure it's wit; an' if dhe dinner ain't riddy, shure khey'll wait till it is.

"O, I can manage dhem foinly; an' if ye want to live aisy an' happy, Dalia Rafferty, jist thry it an' see."

A BALTIMORE BELLE.

The reputation of Baltimore for beautiful women is world renowned. Our belles have won coronets, graced the courts of Europe, and one at least almost reached a throne. "Nothing is so rare as beauty of the high type," says Bulwer. "Few persons can remember to have seen more than four or five specimens of the first-rate ideal beauty." We have had in Baltimore, within the memory of persons still living, two or three supremely beautiful women—women who only wanted a larger field to win the immortal renown of a Cleopatra, a Helen of Troy, or a Mary Stuart.

Loveliness of face and form seems to be hereditary in the fair daughters of the Monumental City. The average Baltimorean is sometimes indifferent to the claims of literature and art, but all are proud of the "special endowment of beauty" possessed by their sisters and daughters. And they are right, for does not Miss Mulock say, "There is an extraordinary fascination, half of soul, half of sense, which breathes in the very atmosphere of a beautiful woman." Sir Walter Scott, describing Minnah Troil, in "The Pirate," says she possesses the combined beauty of the tropic and the temperate zones. So in the Baltimore girls the blonde and brunette are exquisitely blended—

> For all that's best of dark and bright
> Meet in their aspect and their eyes.

You identify a Baltimore girl by a certain frank gentleness, by an absence of pretension, and by the sweetest and most natural attractions of her sex. She has not the hardihood nor style of her New York rivals, there is less of general aspect, but far more of homebred and feminine grace. She is thoroughly amiable, her smile is winning, her costume modest, her voice "gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman." Without the mental culture of the Bostonian, or the exclusively tasteful charm of the Philadelphian, there is something more girlish quietly cheerful and unconsciously pleasant about her. Her affability is caught from habitual intercourse with domestic characters, from truly social, friendly relations and not from promiscuous or showy associations. She makes you think of a happy fireside and a loving companion. you imagine her name to be Mary, and think it would be the most natural and charming thing in the world to make it your household word. She does not seem in the least ambitious, or hackneyed, or complacent, but altogether the most delectable of "human nature's daily food" without the remote possibility of ever becoming either a blue-stocking, a shrew, or a strong-minded woman. In a word, she is *lovable*. Whether it is owing to the medium latitude of Baltimore, not so far south as to induce languor, nor so far north as to generate over activity, it is difficult to say but certain it is, that the women of this city unite the graces of the sex more harmoniously than those of any other American metropolis. They are less angular, emphatic, knowing, and more feminine, affectionate and ingenuous than our other belles. Seldom brilliant, they are invariably lovely, fair to look upon, pleasant to know; and seem at once, like Desdemona's idol, good to "live with," and, as she was to her dusky lord, a *comfort* to which no parallel "succeeds in unknown fate" "The Highland Mary" of Burns, the "Lucy" of Wordsworth, and the "Miller's Daughter," of Tennyson, suggest no image which clashes with the impression we derive from a genuine Baltimore beauty in girlhood, but who can associate either with the clever, self-possessed Bostonian, or the flashy, worldly wise Gothamite? There is not much in the way of chivalrous or romantic ideas connected with Baltimore, the liberality of her Catholic founder, the wonderful genius of Poe, the graphic pen of Kennedy, the legal fame of Pinkney, and the few but graceful poems of his namesake, may, indeed, recall a degree of local inspiration: but in most memories it is her gentle,

kindly and lovely woman that redeem her name. A bevy of these, last year, justly carried away the palm at Newport; their manners, looks and spirits were in such attractive contrast to the more confident pretenders to belleship. We see yet where their poet, in former days, found the impulse to that "Health" he wrote "to one made up of loveliness alone."

We recall one who is the daughter of one of the proudest families of Maryland. Her ancestor was one of the bravest of the gentlemen of Maryland, who flocked to the camp of Washington and formed the famous Old Maryland Line. She is known in the very best circles of London, Paris, Florence and Rome, having passed several years abroad in acquiring a knowledge of music and the languages.

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LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT.

Lorenzo the Magnificent was not only one of the most extraordinary men of his own time, but of all time. Seldom, if ever, have so many splendid and opposite qualities been united in the same person. He was a prince and a merchant, a poet and a politician, a soldier and a philosopher, a scholar and a statesman, an orator and a diplomatist, a student and a banker, a patron of literature and a man of letters. His name was known and respected all over Europe, through Asia and the northern part of Africa. Kings sought his friendship and alliance. Christian, King of Denmark and Sweden, visited him, and being shown the treasures of the Laurentian Library, which was founded by Cosmo de Medici and enriched by his grandson, Lorenzo,—he said such things were the real treasures of a country. Mahomet II., the Conqueror of Constantinople, arrested Bernardo Bandini, one of the leading spirits in the conspiracy of the Pazzi, who had escaped to that city, and sent him in chains to Florence, saying that he did so on account of his respect for Lorenzo de Medici.

It was said of the all-accomplished Cæsar that, had he devoted himself exclusively to oratory he might have rivalled Cicero. So, had Lorenzo devoted himself exclusively to poetry, he might have rivalled the great masters of Italian song. By some of his contemporaries, he was so considered. Pico of Mirandula, in an elaborate discussion of his writings, does not hesitate to declare that they possess the vigor of Dante' and the sweetness of Petrarch, and, in some particulars, are superiors to the works of those eminent poets. Another contemporary writer, Crescimbini, says that Italian poetry was carried to such perfection by the genius of Petrarch, that not being capable of further improvement, it soon began, in the course of all earthly things, to decline, and was on the point of reverting to its original barbarity, when, "a person arose who preserved it from ruin, and who snatched it from the dangerous precipice that seemed to await it. This was Lorenzo de Medici, from whose abilities it received that support of which it then stood so greatly in need; who amidst the thickest gloom of that barbarism which had spread itself throughout Italy, exhibited, whilst yet a youth, a simplicity of style, a purity of language, a happiness of versification, a propriety of poetical ornament, and a fullness of sentiment that recalled once more the graces and sweetness of Petrarch."

It should, also, be remembered that Lorenzo's poetry was the amusement of hours snatched from the cares of state and engrossing commercial business, while Dante' and Petrarch devoted long lives to literary pursuits and had leisure to correct and polish their writings. The magnificent Lorenzo devoted much of his wealth to the collecting of gems, pictures and statues, to the forming of museums, libraries and academies, to the erecting of churches and palaces, and Florence became the most beautiful capital in Europe. All this was accomplished by a man who died at the early age of forty-four.

OLD VIRGINIA SOCIETY.

By Eugene L. Didier.

When Thackeray wished to describe a perfect lady and gentleman, he selected them from the Virginia society of the last century. On the walls of the stately drawing-rooms of Brandon, Shirley, and other ancient country-seats on the James River, may be seen the representations of that picturesque old Virginia society whose counterpart was not to be found in North America. There Evelyn Byrd may be seen, the fairest daughter of her illustrious house, in all that youthful beauty and freshness which made her the wonder and the delight of the Court of England when that Court was graced by the fascinating Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lady Rich —"seraphic Rich, in whose angel form all the sweet graces were joined." The lovely young Virginian captivated an earl by her wit and beauty, but, alas, "the course of true love" did not "run smooth," and in the tender grace of her beautiful but mournful countenance, we read the story of a disappointment in love which carried the fair Evelyn to an early grave. Fortunately, such melancholy cases were rare, for few Virginia girls went abroad in the olden time, and, therefore, seldom met fascinating English earls.

The fair Virginians, though fond of admiration—as all true women are—have always been true to their loves. A thousand cases illustrate this, in the past and in the present. The greatest coquette, the most brilliant belle, the most consummate flirt, when united to the man of her choice, becomes a peerless Virginia dame, fit wife and mother of heroes, statesmen and presidents. The annals of the Old Dominion are full of such women. In the rooms of the Virginia Historical Society, at Richmond, are several pictures of Pocahontas. They are not claimed to be authentic likenesses of the "fawn of the forest," and they do not recall the traditional beauty of the gentle Indian girl—

> "Our own dear Pocahontas,
> The Virgin Queen of the West,
> With the heart of a Christian hero
> In a timid maiden's breast;"

who, marrying Master John Rolfe, became the high-born mother of a high-born race, whose princely Indian blood, after coursing through a dozen generations is still visible in some of the best ladies of Virginia.

The Virginia girl was carefully protected from all rudeness; her native modesty was never shocked by anything coarse; her gentle dignity was never ruffled by contact with the rough and unrefined,—in that the divinity that doth hedge a king was hers. Hence, that exquisite delicacy, which is the greatest charm of woman, has always been a distinguishing characteristic of the fair Virginian, past and present. Daring, indeed, the man who attempted any familiarity with the aristocratic, cordial, but dignified ladies of the Old Dominion. Their manners, however, have not that cold, deadly repose

> "Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."

Bulwer said he "never met a real woman —never met a woman who was not a sham, a sham from the moment she is told to behave prettily, conceal her sentiments, and *look* fibs, if she does not *speak* them." Had the dandy novelist followed the example of his greatest contemporary, Thackeray, and visited Virginia, he might have met among the descendants of old Virginia society more than one real woman. There are in Richmond to-day, real, true, genuine women—women, whose loveliness merits the praise of De Quincy, that "life owes half its attractions and all its graces to female companionship."

Those old Virginia gentlemen were generous livers—in fact, they lived too generously to live long, Short and merry were their lives; few reached the age of threescore; most of them died between fifty and sixty. But what splendid fellows they were! What an elegant, luxurious exis-

tence was theirs! Lord of ten thousand acres, with troops of obedient slaves to do his will, the Virginia cavalier was the most independent gentleman in the world. See him, sitting on his wide portico, smoking the choicest tobacco, raised on his own plantation, and holding in his hands a volume of the *Spectator*, the last poem of Mr. Pope, the last satire of the terrible Dr. Swift, or some other literary production of the golden age of Queen Anne. He is clothed in rich velvet, with white silk stockings, lace ruffles, long waistcoat, Spanish leather shoes and wears an elegant cocked hat. His hair is powdered, brushed back from his forehead, and tied behind. His smile was courtly, his manners polished but formal, his hospitality royal in its magnificence; his house was large, and its owner was never happier than when presiding over a crowded table, except when mounted on his favorite hunter, and leading a gallant company of ladies and gentlemen in a fox hunt, with the merry music of the bugle ringing in his ears. His stable was full of thorough-breds; for the old Virginia gentleman spent many hours every day in the saddle; and, on Sunday, he rolled gravely to church in his family carriage, with its four well-groomed horses.

Williamsburg, the colonial capital of Virginia, was a place of stately ceremonies, vice-regal balls, gorgeous costumes, and decorous dullness. The old Virginia gentleman only went there when important business called him, or when he happened to be a member of the House of Burgesses. He preferred the lordly ease and profusion of his baronial estate, where he lived like a king. But his eldest son and heir-apparent (for the unjust feudal law of primogeniture prevailed in Virginia prior to the American Revolution) eagerly exchanged the monotonous country life for the gayety of Williamsburg. He was not the same bluff, hearty, jolly, good-natured fellow as his father, The young squire had been educated at Oxford, had enjoyed a gay season in London, where he had known my Lord Chesterfield, had danced with the beautiful Miss Gunning and played cards with the young Earl of March, who lived to be the old Duke of Queensbury, the infamous satyr of the London clubs. The young Virginian preferred the brilliant life of London to the studious life of Oxford. He was more a man of fashion than a man of letters—had cultivated the graces more than the classics—was more at home in the club and the drawing-room than in the library and lecture-room. He was an adept in horse-races, and had paid dear for his experience. In dress, he was peerless, and astonished his sisters and younger brothers by the number and beauty of his costumes, representing the latest style of Bond Street and St, James. He wore a powdered peruke, with a queue of marvellous length and tied with a gay ribbon. His cheeks are rosy, not like his father's from constant exercise in the open air, combined with generous old port after dinner, but they are delicately rouged, a fashion recently introduced from France. This "pretty fellow" and "roystering blade" wears a maroon-colored coat, richly embroidered, with the turn-back cuffs, made familiar by the pictures of Hogarth; his vest is of velvet, flowered in gold; his lace is the most delicate Flanders; his pantaloons are of blue satin; his stockings are of scarlet silk, tied by red velvet garters, clasped by diamond buckles. Spanish leather shoes, with heels three inches high, complete the costume of the Virginia Adonis of the eighteenth century.

Thus bravely attired, with his exquisite snuff-box and cocked hat with its gay feather, our young Virginian appeared at Williamsburg on pleasure and conquest bent He could tread the measured steps of the minuet with grace and dignity, bow with consummate ease and elegance over a lady's soft white hand, while whispering a well-timed compliment in her willing ear. But when the time for action came, and Patrick Henry, in thunder tones, called upon Virginians to resist oppression by force, this seemingly effeminate dandy responded with

alacrity to the call, and showed that he was able and willing to wield the sword, proving upon numerous battle-fields that the blood of the cavaliers was not turned to water.

As we began by speaking of the lovely dames of Virginia, so we are irresistibly drawn to them in concluding this article. Let us assume the privilege of a chronicler, and attend one of the stately colonial balls at Williamsburg. The best society of old Virginia was there, but the best and most attractive portion of it were the beautiful daughters of those ancient families that had for nearly two hundred years been the masters of princely domains. Take one as the representative of all the fair throng. See her as she moves with rare grace through the favorite Virginia dance—how bright her eyes—how truly refined each movement—what sweetness in that glance—how daintily she steps along the glossy floor—what a rich costume? Shall we describe it? The hair which falls in graceful curls over a neck of snowy whiteness is all her own—so is the lovely color in her cheek. Around her slender, shapely throat we see the costly *pointe de Venise* lace, yellow, as was then the fashion; her cherry-colored silk bodice sets off the matchless beauty of her figure. The ample sleeves fell over an alabaster arm, delicately tapered; the underskirt was of flowered satin, and the gown was looped back, and fell in large furbelows to the dainty feet, which were encased in white satin slippers, with heels two inches high. Her ornaments were rings, bracelets and brooches of gold and precious stones.

That fair Virginian has long since danced her last minuet—she played her part well in society, and in woman's truest, sweetest world, the home circle—and all that remains to tell us she once lived is the sweet memory of her kept alive by family traditions and filial love.

——:o:——

WORTH, THE MAN-MILLINER OF PARIS.

Ambassadors and court-ladies go to take tea with the fellow, and dispute the honor of filling his cup or putting sugar into it. I once went into his shop—a sort of drawing-room hung round with dresses; I found him lolling on a chair, his legs before the fire. Around him were a bevy of women, some pretty, some ugly, listening to his observations with the rapt attention of the disciples of a sage. He called them up before him like school-girls, and, after inspecting them, praised or blamed their dresses. One, a pretty young girl, found favor in his eyes, and he told her that he must dream and meditate several days over her, in order to find the inspiration to make a gown worthy of her. "Why do you wear these ugly gloves?" he said to another; "never let me see you in gloves of that color again." She was a very grand lady, but she slipped off her gloves, and put them in her pocket with a guilty look. When there was going to be a ball at court, ladies used to go down on their knees to him to make them beautiful. For some time he declined to dress any longer the wife of a great imperial dignitary who had not been sufficiently humble toward him; she came to him in tears, but he was obdurate, and he only consented at last to make a gown for her on condition that she would put it on for the first time in his shop. The empress who dealt with him, sent to tell him that if he did not abate his prices she would leave him. "You cannot," he replied, and, in fact, she could not, for she stood by him to the last. A morning dress by this artist, worth in reality about four pounds, cost thirty pounds; an evening dress, tawdry with flounces, ribbons, and bad lace, could not be had under seventy pounds.

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